

SONGS and SONNETS

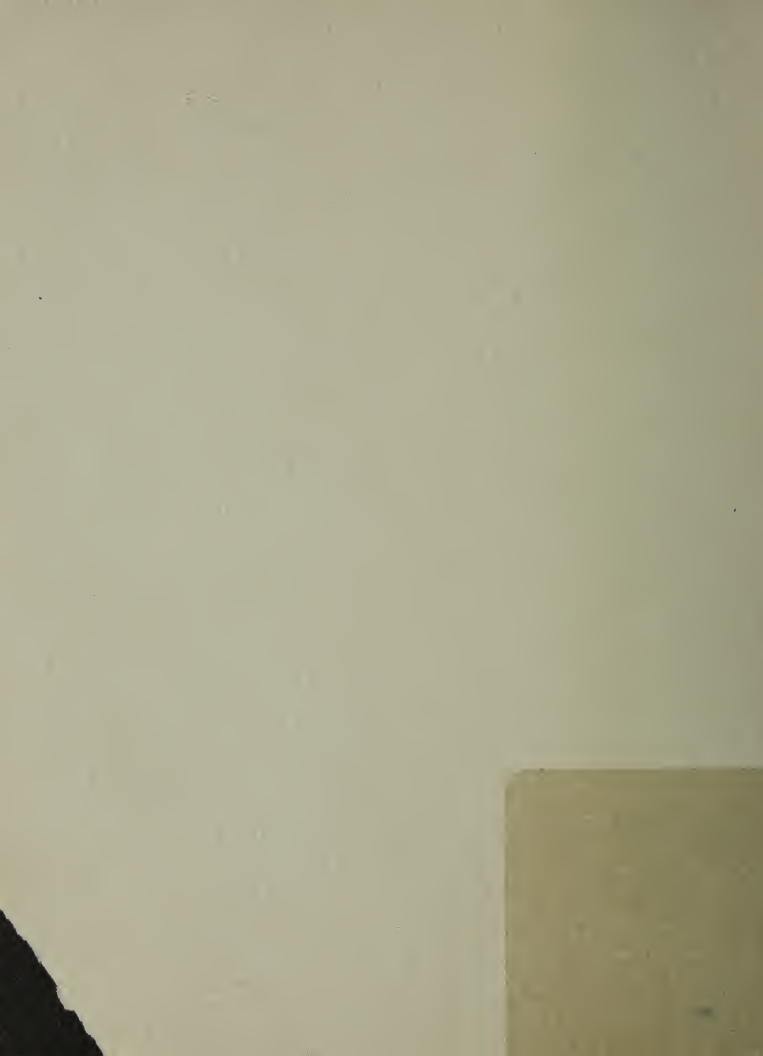
From Appledore

by

Oscar Lughton



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VIEW FROM MRS. THAXTER'S GARDEN GATE

SONGS FROM APPLIEDORE

BY

OSCAR LAIGHTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



"These Precious Isles set in a Silver Sea"

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These sweet poems and rare illustrations of Appledore Island and the Loughton family were found recently in the storehouse of Houghton Mifflin Company.

The pages still hold interest to the many lovers of the Isles of Shoals and they have been bound in loving memory of "Uncle Oscar" by his heirs.

Rosamond Thaxter

*Champernowne Farm
Kittery Point, Maine*

last copy - gift



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P R E F A C E

SINCE sleep sails far away when the heart is full of such sweet longing, I will venture to write you, dear, while the dew is yet falling and only the first rays of the dawn dare look with rosy light in your sacred window.

The Islands are still sleeping in the embrace of the quiet Ocean, though the glory of the uprushing Sun begins to gild the eastern cliffs of Appledore with ineffable splendor, and paint the sea and sky in ever changing shades of celestial color!

Oh, the radiant happiness that comes with the advancing day! Wild roses fill the enchanted air with delicate fragrance, and the sparrows sing as if they had but one moment in which to crowd the whole rapture of the morning!

Here, where the sea encircles the wave-

P R E F A C E

washed shore like a caressing hand, and the murmur of the water reaches me with almost the sweetness of your dear voice, I will tell you how much I love you.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
SONG: " <i>Behold! this pearly glow of dawn</i> " . . .	9
SONG: " <i>Sweet wind that blows o'er sunny Isles</i> " . .	11
SONG: " <i>Warm blows the south wind over Appledore</i> "	13
SONG: " <i>The clover blossoms kiss her feet</i> " . . .	15
AT SUNSET	17
HER SHAWL	21
TO MARY	23
SONG: " <i>A storm is gathering in the air</i> " . . .	25
ALICE PIERREPONT	27
SOUTHERN SONG	29
SONG: " <i>The evening's splendor lights her face</i> " . .	31
A SONG OF SPRING	33
SONG: " <i>Listen, my sweet, the robins call</i> " . . .	35
SOUTHERN SONG	37
SONG: " <i>Will you love me, Mary dear?</i> "	39

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VIEW FROM MRS. THAXTER'S GARDEN GATE

Frontispiece.

A SLOOP YACHT.

WHITE ISLAND, LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM AP-
PLEDORE.

TRAP DIKE, APPLEDORE.

ROCKS AT APPLEDORE.

APPLEDORE HOUSE, BUILT IN 1848.

YACHT TWILIGHT.

STAR ISLAND AND THE "OCEANIC" FROM APPLEDORE.

TUCK MONUMENT, STAR ISLAND.

THE OLD CHURCH ON STAR ISLAND.

CELIA THAXTER'S COTTAGE.

A CORNER OF MRS. THAXTER'S PARLOR.

VIEW FROM THE SOUTHEASTERN POINT OF AP-
PLEDORE.

THE LANDING AT APPLEDORE.

WHITE ISLAND.

STONEFACE, STAR ISLAND.

MISS UNDERHILL'S CHAIR, STAR ISLAND.

ILLUSTRATIONS

MRS. THAXTER'S PARLOR.

THE CHILDREN'S POND AT APPLEDORE.

HAULING UP THE BOATS FOR THE WINTER.

OSCAR LAIGHTON.

HONEYMOON COTTAGE.

CELIA THAXTER.

CEDRIC LAIGHTON.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

LANDING AT APPLEDORE.

APPLEDORE.

ISLES OF SHOALS COAST GUARD.

MARY, CEDRIC LAIGHTON'S GRANDCHILD.



WHITE ISLAND, LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM APPELORE.

SONG

BEHOLD ! this pearly glow of dawn
Dims all the star-gemmed fields of night,
Curtains of darkness are withdrawn,
And sunrise paints the clouds with light !

Awake ! the morning greets the world
With radiant sunshine on the deep !
While ships go by with sails unfurled
Are thy dear eyes still closed in sleep ?

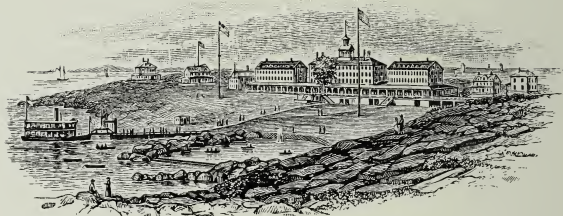
These rays that on thy windows shine
Carry my steadfast hope afar
To sweeter days, when thou art mine,
Soft nightfall, and the evening star !



TRAP DIKE, APPLEDORE.



ROCKS AT APPLIEDORE



APPLEDORE HOUSE, BUILT IN 1848

SONG

SWEET wind that blows o'er sunny Isles
The softness of the sea,
Blow thou across these moving miles
News of my love to me.

Ripples her hair like waves that sweep
About this pleasant shore ;
Her eyes are bluer than the deep
Round rocky Appledore.

Her sweet breast shames the scattered spray
Soft kissed by early light :
I dream she is the dawn of day
That lifts me out of night !



YACHT TWILIGHT



STAR ISLAND AND THE "OCEANIC" FROM APPLIEDORE

Old Stone Church
1685.



SONG

WARM blows the south wind over Apple-
dore !

The northern gales that whirled the
winter main

In leagues of foam, rage round these Isles
no more ;

Through melting haze summer drifts
north again.

And thou art here — O, radiant is the day !

The clover blooms, our lonely Isles grow
fair,

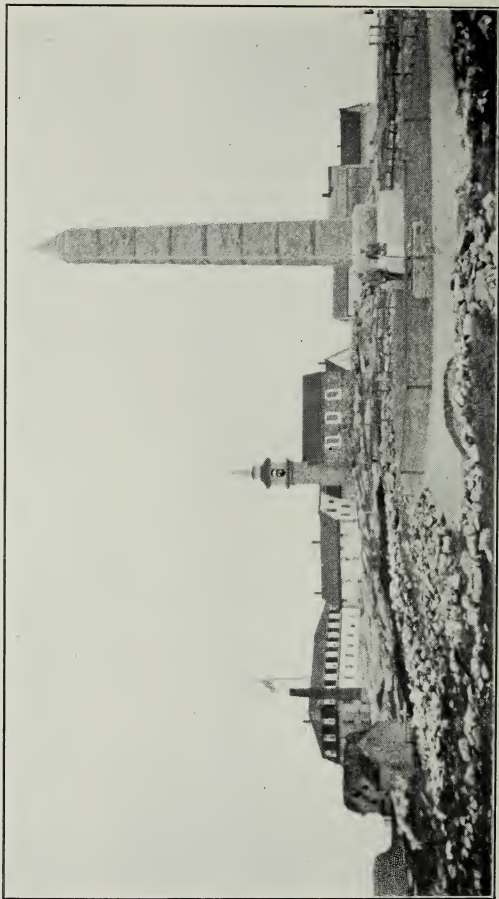
Soft sunshine falls across the slumbering
bay,

The sparrow's song fills the enchanted air.

Sweet, when you turn your lovely eyes on
me

I feel the winter's sorrow disappear,
As dawn divine makes glad a storm-swept
sea !

You are my Sun, my Song, my Summer,
Dear.



TUCK MONUMENT, STAR ISLAND



THE OLD CHURCH ON STAR ISLAND



SONG

THE clover blossoms kiss her feet,
 She is so sweet.
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
 She is so blest.
I'm jealous of its arms of gold,
O, that these arms her form might fold !

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
 She is so fair.
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by, —
O dearest ! love me, or I die.



CELIA THAXTER'S COTTAGE



A CORNER OF MRS. THAXTER'S PARLOR

AT SUNSET

COME thou with me, dear love, and see the
day

Die on the sea, and o'er the distant land
This last faint glow of twilight fade away,
The while I hold in mine thy gentle hand.

The lessening light gleams on yon leaning
sail ;

Slowly the sun has sunk beyond the hill,
And sombre night in silence draws her veil
Over us two, and everything grows still,

Save when the tide, with constant ebb and
flow

Of wandering waves that greet the stead-
fast shore
Flashes fair forms of foam that falling throw
Their arms of snow round lovely Apple-
dore.



VIEW FROM THE SOUTHEASTERN POINT OF APPELORE.

AT SUNSET

Faint, like a dream, comes the melodious cry
Of far-off wild fowl calling from the deep,
The rosy color leaves the western sky,
Over the waves are spread the wings of
sleep.

Silent a meteor falls into the night
Sweeping its silver shower across the
stars ;
Low down Arcturus sinks with waning light,
High in the east climbs up the shining
Mars.

And whispering by us with a silent kiss
Comes the sweet south wind o'er the
slumbering sea.
Thou dearest, can such perfect joy as this
Be always mine, to drift through life with
thee ?



THE LANDING AT APPLIEDORE

HER SHAWL

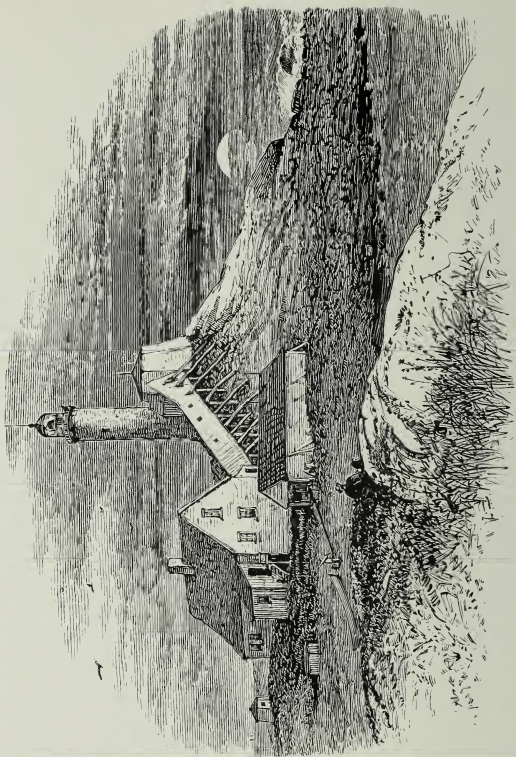
DEAREST, where art thou? In the silent
room

I find this wonder of some foreign loom,
Thy silken shawl, whose lines of loveliness
The matchless beauty of thy form caress.
Delicate raiment, shall I dare infold
All these warm kisses mid thy threads of
gold?

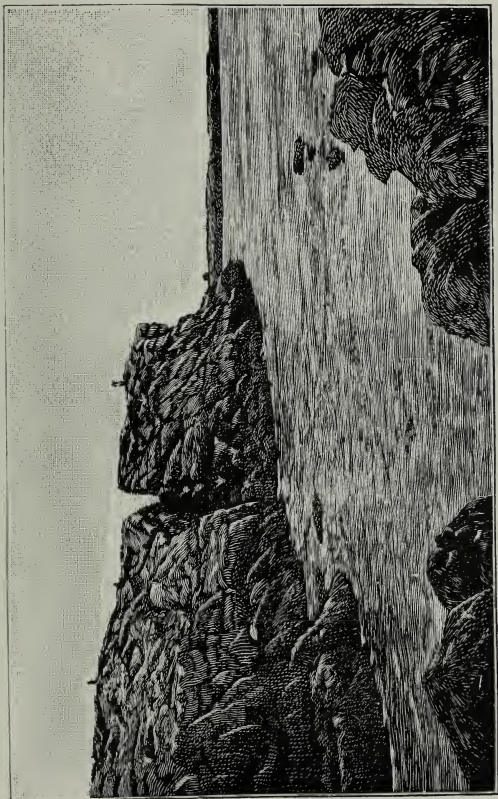
Oh, hold them close her icy heart above,
Melting its winter into summer's love!
Beneath her coldness fonder still I grow,
As violets bloom along the edge of snow.
Through my sad heart there drifts a hope
divine,

O'er seas storm-swept shall softer mornings
shine;

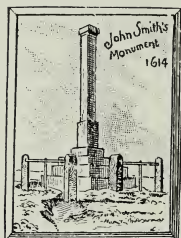
So love may dawn for me while at thy feet
I wait, and kiss thy garment's hem, my
sweet.



WHITE ISLAND.



STONEFACE, STAR ISLAND



TO MARY

SWEET are these flowers, yet Mary is more
fair ;

Shaded with goldenrod her sun-kissed hair.

I look in her blue eyes and can forget

The Heaven reflected in this violet —

Or, sweeter still, behold the lovely grace

Of this fair dawn of roses in her face

Fresh as the first anemones that swing

Their tinted petals in the winds of Spring.

O storms of life, that bend us all like reeds,

Spare this dear lily blooming o'er the weeds !

O time, that all her unknown future holds,

Make soft the gales while this sweet bud
unfolds,

So she may grow like wild flowers in our
land,

Pure as these blossoms in her gentle hand.



MISS UNDERHILL'S CHAIR, STAR ISLAND



MRS. THAXTER'S PARLOR

SONG

A STORM is gathering in the air,
The gulls fly high in circles wide,
Deep murmurs usher in the tide
Foaming o'er rocks all brown and bare.

These precious Isles are anchored fast,
Storm-swept by many a northeast gale
That rends the bolt rope from the sail,
And breaks in twain the groaning mast!

O love, my heart is like the sea,
Surging with every gale that blows,
Longing for winds that bring the rose,
The happy summer-time and thee.





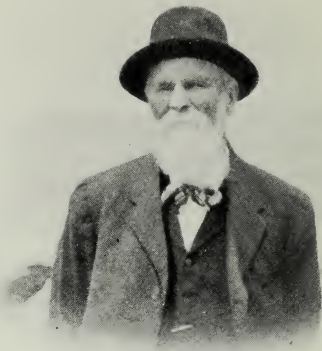
THE CHILDREN'S POND AT APPLEDORE

ALICE PIERREPONT

ABOVE her grave the sparrow sings
With radiant joy, summer is near,
Fresh hope the lovely south wind brings ;
Oh, could it wake you, Alice, dear !
Once more I see her matchless grace
Through tears I cannot yet restrain ;
Dear visions of her blessed face,
I hear her gentle voice again !
O memory of a woman sweet,
So true, so beautiful and brave,
Let me draw near with reverent feet
And lay these wild flowers on thy grave,
The first anemones that sway
Their blossoms in the winds of May.



HAULING UP THE BOATS FOR THE WINTER



OSCAR LAIGHTON



HONEYMOON COTTAGE

SOUTHERN SONG

SUNLIGHT in the window shines,
Blue jays calling from the pines,
Mammy must be up betimes
Working for her baby.

Dearest must not stay in bed,
Sun-kist clouds are overhead,
Banks of roses blushing red
Waiting for my baby.

Soft the Southern breezes blow,
Daddy's working with his hoe,
That will make the cotton grow
For my darling baby.

Harvest time will soon be here,
Drifted snow the fields appear,
Mammy'll make a dress this year
For her little baby.

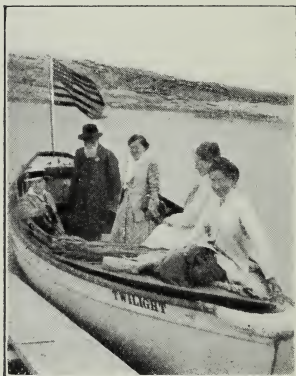
Blessed Southland calm and fair,
Song and fragrance fill the air
With enchantment everywhere
For my precious baby.



CELIA THAXTER



CEDRIC LAIGHTON



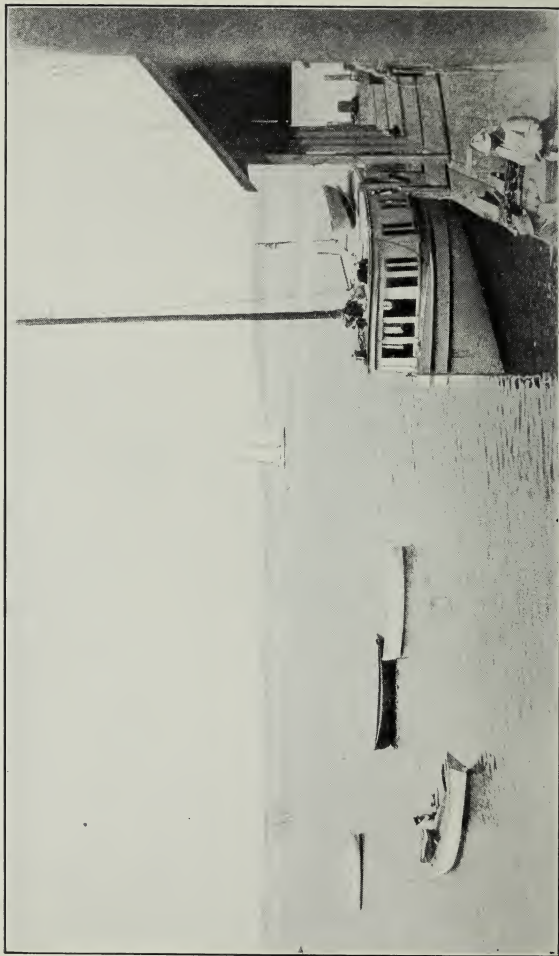
IN THE TWILIGHT

SONG

THE evening's splendor lights her face,
Shading with gold her sun-kist hair,
It falls on pearly folds of lace
And all the sweetness nestled there.

I thought her exquisite by day,
Yet, in these waning shades of light,
When twilight embers fade to gray,
She seems more beautiful at night.

Dear love, the darkness veils the land,
Softly the vesper sparrow sings,
And while I hold thy gentle hand
I would not change my place with kings!



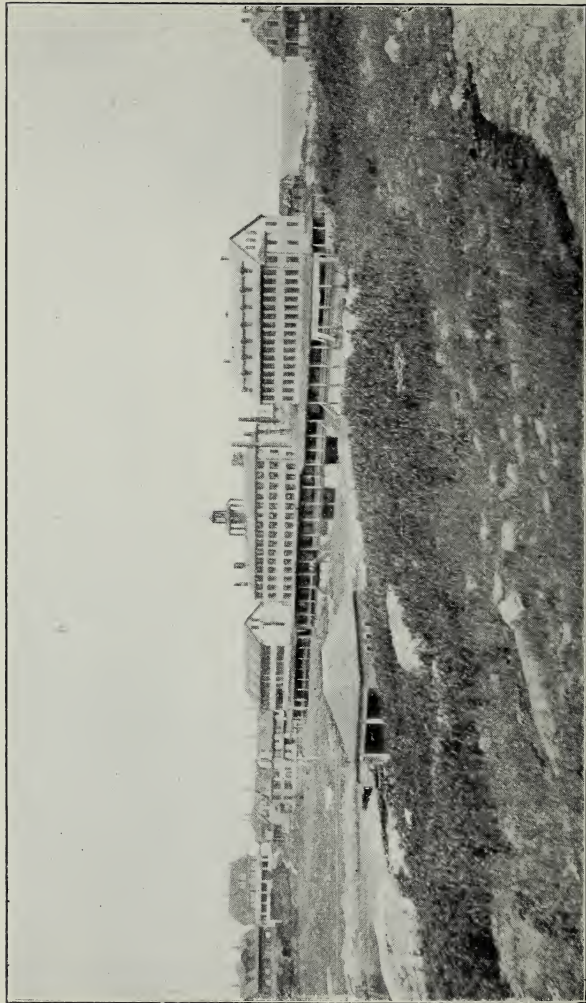
LANDING AT APPLIEDORE

A SONG OF SPRING

THE rapture in the thrush's song
A golden thought of summer brings,
Of love and hope, while days grow long
Woven with the sweet whir of wings!

Sparrows are piping in the hedge,
Roses their darling buds unfold,
And splendid, at my garden's edge,
The yellow jonquils spill their gold!

Dearest, I cannot fold despair
When every joy on earth draws near,
This music in the radiant air
Sings in my song "I love you dear"!



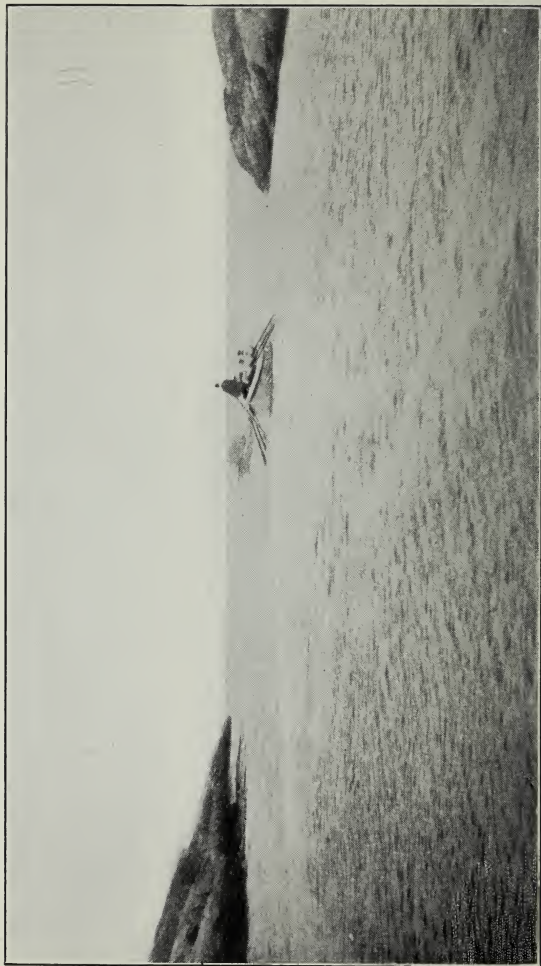
APPLEDORE

SONG

LISTEN, my sweet, the robins call!
Through melting haze the bluebird flies,
Pansies beside my garden wall
Look up to heaven in thine eyes.

From far-off fragrant fields there blows
The south wind's exquisite caress,
It whispers with the radiant rose
Of thy diviner loveliness.

Oh, thou art sweet as morning air
When heralds of the smiling spring
Spread their bright banners everywhere,
And wild with joy the robins sing!



ISLES OF SHOALS COAST GUARD

SOUTHERN SONG

THE peach trees are blooming, the air is
divine,

And sweetly the mocking birds sing!
Red roses are swaying in softest sunshine,
All nature is greeting the spring.

Yet, something more fair, in this beautiful
land,

I find in my fond heart to-day,
This dear Southern lassie, I hold by the
hand,

Is sweeter than blossoms of May!

I love thee brave Southland, thou home of
the rose,

Thy mocking bird's chorus of pride,
This fragrance of heaven that over thee
blows,

But dearer the girl at my side.



MARY, CEDRIC LAIGHTON'S GRANDCHILD

SONG

WILL you love me, Mary dear?
Keep your answer for awhile,
Wait until your lips can smile
And this frown shall disappear.

Mary's face is sweet and fair,
Yet my courage seems to flee
When she turns her eyes on me
Through the tangles of her hair.

Answer me, dear love, to-day
While I fold your hands in mine
Closer still, as warm sunshine
Woos the precious buds of May!

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